

## SIMPLY A CINCH

By FLORENCE BROWN

Copyright, 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.  
"That's a good-looking dress, Christine—always liked blue on you!" Jack Hathaway gave his wife a loving look, and when she dropped her eyes, he stole a quick glance at the clock. Quarter of—she would have to hurry.

He threw his magazine aside and, rising, stretched and yawned. "Well, I think I'll drive the new model past old Norton's house. If he's on the veranda, it'll be an excuse to show him the car. He rather asked me to come up—he's been needing a new bus for five years now."

Christine managed a good-by, which did not sound too strained, but it was hard work, for it was by no means the first time she had heard that time-worn excuse, and she hated to think what philandering it was a prelude for, experience having taught her to expect the worst.

Jack was very good looking, and extremely susceptible. His position as salesman for a popular-priced car threw him in contact with a good many women.

Jack, in the yard, was starting the new car. Christine heard the sound of voices, and looking out, saw him joined by Ted Thornton. And Christine, although she hated Mrs. Thornton, was sorry for her now. She knew only too well that Jack and Ted in all probability were not planning to ride alone—very long.

Christine put away her sewing and wandered through the house. Well, she had one consolation—Caryl was alone, too. Probably Ted had said he was trying to sell old Norton a car, too.

At last, on an impulse, Christine decided to walk by the Thornton bungalow and, if possible, over the lonely Caryl.

As she strolled slowly along, thinking what a perfectly lovely night it was for a long ride, she saw to her horror that the approaching lady with the letter in her hand was Caryl. They smiled rather distantly, and, as something must be said: "Good evening, Mrs. Thornton," said Christine. "Your husband intends to demonstrate a car for Mr. Norton, does he not?"

Caryl was surprised. "Yes, but how did you know?" she asked.

"I didn't," Ruth had to admit. "But he called for Jack, and that is what he expected me to believe."

Her hearer looked thoughtful. "Mrs. Thornton," said Christine, "I think we should become friends—very dear friends, at that."

Caryl nodded. "I think so, too. Why don't we go to my house and talk it over?"

Half an hour later Caryl had made a luscious fruit salad to celebrate the new friendship, and was about to start the percolator when Christine said suddenly, "You've made such a huge salad—wouldn't it be dandy fun if we had someone else to share it—it's more than large enough for three—how about asking Mr. Norton?"

Caryl looked doubtful. "Why, we don't know him."

"So much the better."

Caryl flew to the telephone book and found the number. A moment later Norton was listening to an extremely sweet voice.

"Mr. Norton," it thrilled, "we're two lonesome grass widows who have all the requirements of a lovely party, except a guest. Won't you be it? It's perfectly safe—our husbands said they expected to be with you tonight."

The news amused Norton. The invitation aroused his curiosity and he eagerly accepted. Half an hour later he was eating the fruit salad and cake and dispensing smiles and good advice on the subject of husbands, notwithstanding the fact that he had never been one.

Mr. Norton had brought his appetite. He helped himself boldly to the last of the salad.

"Only wait until our husbands find out you've been with us, instead of with them," Caryl laughed.

On the grounds that he would undoubtedly never be invited again after the two villain husbands learned of his visit, Mr. Norton decided he might as well eat a few more of the home-made frosted nut cookies.

"So they said I might buy a car," he chuckled. "Well, so I might. And why don't I? I'll do it. And you two girls—he took out a memorandum pad and pen, "can split the commission." Here the girls looked doubtful until he added, "or I don't buy a car."

After some busy moments Norton presented Caryl and Christine with an ingenious concoction which read something like this:

"I promise to buy a four-passenger Sports sedan from the Collins-Griscom company, provided check covering the commission for such sale is made payable to the joint order of Mrs. Caryl Thornton and Mrs. Christine Hathaway, who induced me to buy said car."

Shortly after midnight two smiling wives were sleepily explaining to their amazed husbands.

"You see, we girls just happened to be taking a walk—why—I never said I hated her—I just said—well, anyway, she's a dear—and we made a compact to treat our husbands better after this—but anyway, don't keep interrupting. Where was I? Oh, yes, so we met Mr. Norton and asked him if he had bought a car yet, and if not, wouldn't he be from us, and so we got the order, after all you've said about selling cars being such hard work, too. Why, it's simply a cinch!"

## STEVE THE SECOND

By MILDRED WHITE

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Professor Vaughn walked on, absorbed in his coming lecture. The last had occasioned such widespread and favorable comment, that he was determined it should have a worthy successor. So, when a voice called to him from a stationary automobile in the road, he turned with a start. A young girl sat in the car, helping herself with enjoyment from a box of chocolates.

"Mr. Vaughn," she said, "will you kindly come here a moment?"

Had in hand, the professor came. "I do not recall—" he was smilingly beginning.

"You could not," the girl interrupted, "for you have never met me. Every one, however, knows Professor Vaughn."

She leaned toward him and smiled. "I," she informed him, "am Stephana Sterling."

"Not," said the professor—he stared unbelievably, "the daughter of—"

Again the girl impatiently interrupted.

"Yes," she replied, "a daughter of 'Great Guns Sterling.' And I appeal to you in distress. I started out alone this morning to keep a very important engagement, and just as I approach Dead Man's curve, my nerve fails me. I simply will not drive over that place alone. I don't know," she remarked meditatively, "when I have ever been afraid before, but I am now. Will you step in the car and run me over?"

Philip Vaughn considered an instant; Dead Man's curve, on the only direct road leading out of town, was so named because of many automobile tragedies which occurred continually at the dangerous crossing. When he had taken his place at her side, Miss Sterling thanked him graciously.

"You see," she explained, "I am on my way to take part in a wedding, and if I am not there in half an hour the bride will be on the verge of hysteria, and the groom tearing his hair."

"You must," said the professor, "then be on time."

"You might leave me at the church in the valley," she said.

A watchful motor policeman saluted as the professor bowed in his direction. The professor was, as Miss Sterling said, well and worthily known. From the portico of the church in the valley a white-clad maid and an eager bridegroom welcomed the two. "We were so worried for fear you would not get here," the white-clad maiden said.

Stephana turned to the professor. "You are going back to town?" she questioned.

Philip Vaughn nodded. He did not know just how he was going to make those two dusty miles to the station, which did not, it appeared, concern his charge.

"If you do," she requested, "I wish you'd stop at our house and tell Aunt Steve that I got here in time for the wedding bells to ring. She is probably anxious. I," the girl cast a glance back over her shoulder, "am 'Steve the Second.'"

When the professor reached the home of the financier he was mopping his brow, and his shoes were white with dust. He had barely time to state his errand to a maid when the anxious face of the girl's aunt greeted him from behind the maid's shoulder. He was certain in the first moment that this sweet, eager face was the face of "Aunt Steve." The resemblance to the wayward niece was unmistakable. But when in the stately drawing room he gave that niece's message, anxiety, instead of relief, was evidenced.

"Oh, what," murmured the distressed little lady, "shall I do? My brother will be so troubled, and Stephana is in my care. Of course by this time she is married, and not yet of age."

"Married!" echoed the perplexed professor, "I understood that the young lady was on her way to the wedding of a friend."

"She allowed you to think that," Aunt Steve's tone was regretful. "She knew that she would be free from pursuit if seen in your company. Stephana's father has openly disapproved of her engagement to Jack Brown."

The guardian aunt of the runaway smiled a wistful smile. "I am not sure," she thoughtfully replied, "perhaps little Steve has a right to her happiness. She is a good child."

The door opened suddenly to admit the smiling object of conversation, her radiant husband at her side. Joyously she kissed her aunt, then turned to the professor.

"Well, it took you as long to get here as I hoped it would," she said. "We just cut along and fixed things up with dad. He has said, 'Bless you, my children,' and feels much more comfortable over the fact. If you ever want me to drive you over Dead Man's curve to your own wedding," she mischievously told the professor, "I'll be glad to reciprocate."

And, strange as it may seem, Mrs. Jackie Brown, young matron, walking one day in the roadside, saluted a happy pair in a passing auto.

"We thought," the professor remarked calmly, "that we'd make it a quiet wedding down at the church in the valley."

"Good," exclaimed Steve the Second, "let me drive you and aunt over."

And she did.

## SALISBURY

(Intended for last week)

Edw. Lehnhoff, victim of typhoid fever, is reported getting along very well. We hope for his speedy recovery.

The labor problem will be considered by the Men's Bible class at the Wednesday night prayer meeting of the Christian church. We do not know whether other sides will follow, but hope both sides will keep within the bible.

Our schools opened up Tuesday morning, but it was too hot to rush much, and it will take some time to get down to regular routine work.

J. T. Freeman, west 4th street, drove over to Moberly Sunday to undergo an examination for hernia, but after examination the doctors advised against an operation at present, and he returned. If later an operation becomes imperative they will perform it.

Our annual fair was about as usual, but other attractions cut down the attendance somewhat. The stock exhibit was fine and all exhibits were good. A street carnival on the grounds was above the average, but its presence perhaps did not help the fair much, and from criticism heard may as well be left off in the future. The rain which fell here Monday night and Tuesday morning was a soaker, and finishes up the corn, and puts wheat land in condition for breaking.

The Barney Sisters' home on Le Fevre street approaches completion and will be a beauty when finished.

House mover Cobb, of Clifton Hill, has charge of moving of the Ingram house and will soon have it on the new location at the west end of the lot.

We learn that Henry White purchased the Vance property at the west end of 6th street.

It is hoped the rain does not seriously affect the fair which began on Thursday for three days.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Higbee and Mrs. M. E. Powell of Lamar were on a visit Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Burnett late of Carrollton took membership with the Christian church Sunday, at the morning service.

Rev. Corder is attending conference at Moberly this week, and no doubt will be returned to this place as his work here the last year has met with general approval.

The street carnival pulled out Sunday, after a week's stay here at the fair grounds. It was above the average show of its kind.

I. J. Crutchfield, long a resident of this place, but of late years living in the country, was in town Tuesday and all were glad to see him. Everybody knows "Uncle Jack."

J. W. Ingram is moving his residence property on 6th street back on the lot, and, it is said, will build a nice bungalow on the old site.

Dr. Billeter of Bynumville was in our city Tuesday on business.

Miss Nadine See, of Montgomery City is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Elizabeth Vandeverter was called to Florida, Mo., Sunday to see her sister, who is critically ill from a second stroke apoplexy. Her son, Duke, took her over in his car.

The city will put down a new well at the site of the one now in operation, in order to get a better supply of water.

Next Sunday will be Rally day at the Christian church and every member is asked to be present, both at Bible school and preaching service.

Recent rains have insured a big corn crop and a fine acreage of wheat sown.

Watermelons are going out, but sweet potatoes are coming in, so things are evened up. If people live to eat as some do, let the good work go on.

There is an upward tendency in the Real Estate business, and all our agents are becoming mutually active.

J. A. Collet spent the week end at home, but returned to his duties at the capitol Monday.

Rev. M. J. Nickerson will begin a protracted meeting at the Christian church the first Sunday in October.

Labor day was observed here Sept. 4, by closing the postoffice.

Misses Ida Lou Richardson and Zettie Sneed left Monday for Kirksville to attend the State Teachers College.

### BUSINESS FOR SALE

My stock, tools, place of business and good will in trade are for sale. Prefer to sell all together. Price low if taken at once.

25tf J. C. JENKINS, Keytesville, Mo.

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## 361,000 AUTOS LICENSED IN MISSOURI TO DATE

Jefferson City, Sept. 9.—Up to Sept. 1 there has been registered and licensed by the State Automobile Department a total of 361,000 automobiles and other motor vehicles.

For these licenses there has been collected and turned into the State Treasury for the good roads fund \$3,289,620.

August 1 the half-year-rate for license went into effect. This cuts the annual license fee in half for the remainder of the license year, which expires Monday, February 1, 1923.

This reduction brought a largely increased business through the month of August and up to the present time. A quarter-year rate will be effective November 1 for the remaining three months of the license year from that date.

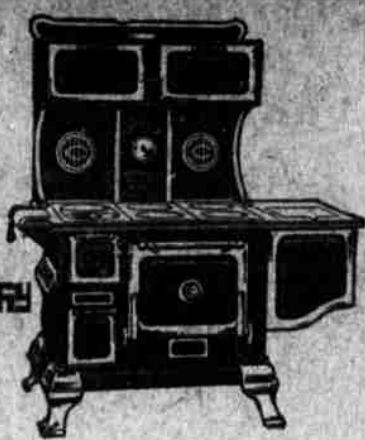
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## "I knew him when he was a boy"

What one is there of us that has not felt the glow of satisfaction over the outstanding success of a life-long friend! Often a surprise—seemingly "all of a sudden." Yet neither surprising nor sudden, when you stop to think back over each step of his progress.

**THE United States Rubber Company—makers of U. S. Royal Cords—were first to conceive, make and announce the balanced tire. A tire in which there is such complete unity of action in tread and carcass that neither will give way before the other.**

First to conceive, make and announce a complete line of tires—a tire for every need of price and use under one standard of quality.

First to tell the public about the good and bad in tire-retailing. (You remember the phrase "Go to a legitimate dealer and get a legitimate tire.")

First also to arouse industrial and trade minds to the need of a new kind of tire competition. (Competition for better and better values. Greater and greater public confidence.)

**THESE** high spots along the U. S. road to leadership indicate the intent—the will to win by the quality route in a price market.

Now that so many car-owners have given their verdict for quality tires in general, and U. S. Tires in particular—a number of dealers and car-owners whose vision has been clouded by "discounts," "sales" and what not, are beginning to remember that they "knew him when he was a boy."

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### APPRECIATED

In appreciation of the work of a Kansas editor for the community, a bunch of citizens recently presented him with a bouquet. On the same occasion a quartet from a local church sang a few sweet songs and a minister made a little talk. After the minister's talk six husky men carried the popular editor from the house, placed him tenderly in a model 1921 plumed sedan and the whole town formed a parade behind the editor's expensive car. After this the appreciative crowd returned to their homes serene in the thought of having provided one bright day in the life of their loyal news purveyor, even if they did wait until he was dead to do it.—Fairview, Kan., Enterprise.

### 4-YEAR SCHOLARSHIP FOR LACLEDE COUNTY GIRL

A four-year scholarship, established by the Missouri Women's Club of New York for the school of education in the University of Missouri at Columbia, Mo., was granted yesterday by the executive committee of the board of curators of the university, in session at Hotel Statler, to Miss Marion Ragland, 18 years old, from Phillipsburg, La. Clede County, Mo.

In making the scholarship offer the Missouri Women's Club of New York City had made the restriction that the girl must be from a rural district.

The board of curators, through communications with rural high schools and various organizations, received about thirty applications. The executive committee consists of P. E. Burton, Joplin; H. J. Blanton, Paris; Dr. J. C. Jones, president of the university.

### THOSE "POOR" MINERS

Six hundred coal miners at Herrin, Ill., who recently returned to work, went out on another strike Friday because the management of the mines issued orders against parking cars at a certain place. Cadillac probably. That is what \$10 coal, paid by many who can't afford a Henry, calls for. Poor fellows.

### NO SUBSTITUTES OFFERED

Say what you will about druggists offering something "just as good" because it pays a little better profit, the fact still stands that ninety-nine out of a hundred druggists recommend Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea remedy, when the best medicine for diarrhoea is asked for, and do so because they know from what their customers say of it, that it can be depended upon.

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